

## SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

Somehow in France, August 25.

My Dear Dorothy: How are you doing by this time? I am fine and happy. Had a long trip, tho, and have seen many queer things over here. And how is mother Jones? I certainly hope you are all well and enjoying the best of health.

Wish I was there, too. Hope to be back soon. I haven't seen Lewis or any of the other boys since I left camp. Has anybody got married yet? You must write me if they do. Be sure you don't get married yourself. How are Mustard and Earl? Tell them hello and to write to me sometimes. Give my love to everybody. Be a real good girl. I can't write much this time. Write me often as you can. With loads of love to all.

PRVT. S. E. LEFFEL.  
Co. A, 305th Engineers, A. E. F.

American Expeditionary Force, August 6, 1918.

Dear Sister: Will write you a few lines to let you know I am well and getting on fine. I have been in France a short time and like it fine. Am getting a plenty to eat and am not having to work very hard. I have been to several different camps since I have been here, but suppose I will stay here until I go to the front, which may be sometime yet. Hope you are all well, and getting along nicely. This is a pretty country. I think I will just stay over here. I sure miss all the nice boxes since I left Camp Lee. I haven't seen any one here that I knew yet. Perhaps I will run on some of my old friends some time soon. Well, I must close. Write me real often and tell me the news. With lots of love.

Your brother,  
CORP. SAM RILEY.  
7th Co., 1st Tr. Regiment, A. P. O. 727, A. E. F.

On Active Service with the A. E. F., August 12, 1918.

Dear Mother: Will answer your letter, which I received today. Was glad to hear from you all, to know that you are all well and getting along all right. I have been well since I have been here. We have had some cool weather here. The nights are pretty cool here. I have been in some pretty places since coming over. Foster said Hubert saw a whale as he came over. I saw one and a very big fish. Was glad to hear Lewis like the way and was getting on all right. You said you had picked several gallons of strawberries. I could help you get them if I were there. I haven't seen any strawberries to amount to anything here. There were a good many cherries in places. Foster said I ought to be there to go with him to Tazewell. I could enjoy a trip to Tazewell now. I have had several letters from home since I have been here, but some of them had been written months before I received them. They contained news and I was glad to get them. Foster wanted to know if Howard was still in my company. They are. I got one letter from Lester. I wrote Gladys a card a few days ago. I received her letter and stamps, but didn't need the stamps. I will love to see you all. I could tell you lots. I will try and write more often than I have. You must write me often as you can, for I am always glad to hear from home.

Your son,  
FRAZIER B. McMEANS.  
Co. D, 116th U. S. Infantry.  
To Mrs. Lee McMeans, Grifton, Va.

Somehow in France, August 18, 1918.

Dear Mother, Father and all at home: Will write you all a short note today. Would have written sooner, but you see I have been very busy and I wanted to send you all my address also, and I have just found out what it is, so you must write me real often, for you will have more time to write than I will. Tell Lena and all the rest to write me just as often as they please, for you know I love to hear from home and all the news and it takes most a month to get a letter. You can have the paper sent me. Also, maybe I will get it once a month anyway. Tell Mr. Moore that George is well. We are still together, but I don't know just how long we will stay together. I don't even see N. H. E., but I am going to write him. This is a lovely country where I am at, but I hope to get back to the States when we have whipped the Huns, and believe me we will whip them to a frazzle. With love to you all and my friends.

PRVT. P. E. BURCHAM.  
2nd Co., 1st Infantry, Tr. Regt. A. E. F., A. P. O. 727.

Co. 13, 6th Eng. Tr. Regt. Camp Humphreys, Va., Sept. 2.

Dear Editor: For sometime I have tried to find the opportunity to write to you about how we are getting on in camp. I'll try to tell you, first, I'll try to tell you how good we felt when we got off the train. The train stopped and we got off looking about us. We saw woods and soldier boys working on the railroad that was very disheartening to us. We took a path thru the woods towards our tents. We soon got to some barracks and the first "Guys" who saw us began yelling, "Oh, you'll like it. I know you will." We have the most to eat and you can not help but like it. As we came on it was the same thing as we passed any of the boys. My, my, how it hurt us, for we were so homesick that we could hardly stand it. But we were not allowed to say anything to them, more than "Yes, I know we will like it," etc. The next job was a pick and shovel to grub stumps and dig ditches. But we had it to do. The three weeks that we were in the tents we got but little drill; most of it was work. We soon began singing at night, and then on our way to work. On Sunday we go to the Y. M. C. A. and hear singing and lectures. I tell you if it wasn't for the Y. M. C. A. people we would be thousands of miles from home. Those who don't care to hear singing and religious talking are looking up old acquaintances and cleaning up guns, etc. This is a job for when we left the tents for the barracks we were scattered like wild ducks and the continual transferring from company to company sent us more and more. We get to see each other about once or twice a week. I saw Thos. A. Peery yesterday and he is doing fine and likes it alright. We like it better every day we stay. As long as we get letters from the Tazewell pool-

ple, especially the girls, we keep in good heart. And some are so kind as to send me boxes of cuts. Last Friday, the 30th, I got a nice box from Mrs. Peery at North Tazewell, and I wish to thank her for it. I certainly appreciated it. I know she will get the thanks for not many Mrs. Peerys at North Tazewell. We get lots to eat, but a little sweetening is what we crave. We get lots of beans and potatoes. We get today as a holiday, and I will try to write a little instead of going to the parade on the drill ground.

I hope you Tazewell people have good crops to help get the Kaiser with. We have got to get him. Boys are leaving here every week for the overseas duty and we cannot afford to take our suit cases and tell our folks goodbye for nothing, and we are going to make it count. You people must not forget to lift with us your voices to God for victory. I'll try to write some more soon as I have time. With best wishes, I am L. W. McFARLAND.

On Active Service with the A. E. F., August 19, 1918.

Hello, Father: I will write you a few lines tonight to let you know that I am well and feel fine and hope these few lines will find you all well. I am working every day and like this country fine. France is a pretty country, believe me, but the U. S. A. looks better to me. We did not work Sunday and I was out looking around. I would have liked to have been in dear old Tazewell Sunday, but I am over here and getting along fine and hope to be at home some day. I have seen lots of boys, but have not seen any that I know. Write some of the boys addresses so that I can look them up. Don't forget to send me the Clinch Valley News, for I would like to have the home paper. This is about all I can write this time. I will write more next time. Your son,

J. B. HELDRETH.  
My address is Private Joseph B. Heldreth, 480th Squadron, American Expeditionary Force, via New York

Somehow in France, July 21.

Dear Homefolks: This beautiful Sabbath afternoon finds me writing again, altho I have not heard from you for sometime. I hope that all are enjoying reasonable health and that my letters reach you on time, for I am sure if not hearing from me you become quite uneasy about me. Am still getting on fine, going on with the same routine, drilling and hiking, together with some target practice.

It is now 4 o'clock here, but there it is between eleven and twelve, so I suppose you all are at S. School or church. Of course I am useless to say that I would enjoy being there, for that is quite impossible now, but the past three or four days have been very favorable for the Allies and if they can keep up their successes we hope the bitter struggle will end by early winter and that we Sammies can eat our Xmas dinner at home as several have prophesied.

Have just been out of town, walking, a short distance, looking over the beautiful country. Am still in a good town, but go out most every evening for a stroll with a soldier friend. Enjoy the pure country air so much, but would (were it not for doing my bit), rather be enjoying the balmy air of the States. However, am very hopeful of being there before many months. Best close.

Sincerely, JESSE VERNON.

"Seriously Wounded." Mr. H. P. Boyd, the writer of the following, is a Buchanan county boy, a cousin of E. R. Boyd, district director of War Savings campaign. Since this letter was received by Mr. Wolfe the young man has been seriously wounded, and his name appears in the casualty list. He had been gassed before receiving this wound. Mr. Boyd, who is a licensed exhorter in the Methodist church, wrote Mr. Wolfe in a former letter that he had had 96 conversions in camp through his efforts. Following is his last letter to Mr. Wolfe:

On Active Service with the A. E. F., August 4, 1918.

My Dear Brother Wolfe: This holy Sabbath day, after enjoying a good meeting, will write you as I am thinking of you very much. Brother, this leaves me not well. I am in the base hospital at present for treatment. I got a very bad dose of gas, but I think I will soon get so I can go over the top again, and to land in Don Man's Land. Brother, I am still in the service of God and receiving many blessings each day. I am blessed with a wonderful work so far. You don't have any idea what a Christian man is to thousands of sinners that are anxious to know about the love of God. Brother, pray for me that I may hold out faithful to the end and fight the good fight of faith. As I am very weak, will close. Give the church my best love. May God be with us, Answer soon. Your brother in Christ,

H. P. BOYD.

"Heaven, hell or Hoboken by Christ-Mas."

On Active Service with the American Expeditionary Forces, August 11, 1918.

My Dear Mama: At least I've gotten to a camp where I'll stay a while I hope, so maybe I can write you more often. It was a right good journey from our rest camp to where we are now. We had very nice cars on which to travel, so I enjoyed the trip through France very much, saw some very beautiful and some nice towns.

Our brigade was split up and our Hqs. bunch all separated in different companies. Ten of us came to the camp where I am now, and are with Co. D. of the colored bunch. We go out with them and watch them cut wood which is taken to the front. It is very pleasant work and right in the mountains which reminded me of the mountains of our own Va. mountains and hills. Really, when I was walking through these forests, as I was Sunday, I almost forgot that I'm not at home in my own hills. It is beautiful to be out in these forests of pine which are tall and straight as arrows.

Two other boys and myself went into a town not very far from camp Sunday and spent the day. We had a rare time and took dinner at the Red Cross Canteen. There was an American woman from Va., who has been giving her services there for two years. They are wfully nice to the soldiers, both French and Americans who go there.

Well, I'm close enough to hear something of what war sounds like. I can hear the roar of the guns very plainly. I'm as near the firing lines as I can get from home, so you see I'm pretty sure to see some air plane battles.

Well, if the Americans still keep up their drive, Germany's going to

come across with something. Would love to see how people are taking the reports back there. I'll bet every one is rejoicing.

The battle cry of the Americans is, "Heaven, hell or Hoboken by Christmas. Here's hoping its Hoboken tho."

I get plenty to eat. We mess down at the colored mess hall, and have a good cook.

I'm very anxious to hear from the States once more. A letter from home would make me happy now. I would not mind having a few beans out of that garden I left, mixed with a little fried chicken.

We get hungry for candy and some thing that is sweet, like jelly and jam, more than any thing else.

With much love for all,  
ROY A. THOMPSON.  
Hdq. Detch. Co. D. Q. M. C. 331  
Lambert, Mo., A. E. F. France.  
To Mrs. W. C. Thompson.

Some where in France, August 1, 1918.

Hello to one and all: This leaves me all o. k., and hope it will find you all the same. I have been drilling today. I like this place fine. They have fine crops here and looks like a plenty too, I guess.

All the French people are mighty good to us. I like the appearance of them fine. They are hard working people too. They have some fine land here.

The place where I am, sure has fine water, and plenty of it. I like France better than any country I have seen on this side. I have been here long. This is the first time I have had a chance to write from this place. I don't know how long we will be at this place. The war it present doesn't look like it will last much longer.

If I have a chance I will write back a souvenir of a Hun. All I want is a chance. I will do my best. We are going to lick them sooner or later. That's what we came over here for.

Have any of the boys gone to camp yet? I have an idea some of them have.

I am going to have my hair clipped tomorrow. We are all going to have a clip. Some of the boys have already had their hair clipped.

What did you do with my Red Cross Kit? Send it to me and put plenty of darning thread in it, and anything else you think I need. I will be thankful to get it.

I will close for this night.  
HEBERT STOWERS.  
Co. D, 54th Regiment, A. E. F.

Some where in France, 115th Field Hospital Sanitary Train, August 1, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Am now in France, and am located in a nice town some several miles behind the lines. We are running a hospital for wounded, also one in connection for patients who are overcome by gas. Don't know whether I will get a truck or a motorcycle or either. No matter what my duties are they won't be hard. Am getting lots to eat, in fact, more than I expected. This is a wonderful country, in many respects very much like home. The climate is very similar to that of Southwest Virginia.

The legions were in the box, and I sent the handbag back from Bluefield by Chas. Pryne, so enquire of him about it. Albert Peery is some where close to me tho I have been unable to see him. I am going to look him up the first opportunity. Don't worry about me, for I am in practically no danger whatever, and am well satisfied. Tell all hello!

Your Son Bob.

To his mother, Mrs. Edna S. Harman, North Tazewell.

Paris Island, South Carolina, Sept. 2, 1918.

Dear Mother:

I will write you a few lines and let you know how I am getting along.

I finished the range the other day. I didn't make sharpshooter, but made marksman. I got \$2.00 on the month that will come in good here.

Mother I have been picked for ship duty. I will be put on the U. S. S. Pennsylvania. Will leave here this week for Norfolk, Va., where I will take my ship.

Well, mother tell all the people to be good, and write me. I am getting my mail ready to leave the island, I mean I am washing today and that will take most all evening.

Mother, the Captain picked over our company for good men, and there was only two that filled the bill, a fellow named Brewer, and myself. I will get a blue uniform with red stripes down the legs, and my duty will be guarding sailors. I don't think there is any more danger than trench fighting. I think I will like it. The Pennsylvania is the biggest ship on the waters, and you get ten days off every six months, and you will be going and coming every two or three weeks.

And when you are in port for a week or two you can get a furlough home. I expect it will be a few months before I can come home. But I think ship duty will be great.

I will close for this time. Answer soon.

My address will be, Private Andrew J. Witten, U. S. S. Pennsylvania, Marine dispatch, care of Postmaster New York.

Buy War Savings Stamps.

BEWARE OF FAKE STOCKS.

To the Editor:

For the protection of your people from being defrauded by the sale of worthless stock, will you kindly give space in your paper to the following item:

In past years thousands of people in Virginia have been defrauded of substantial amounts of money sometimes representing the savings of a lifetime, through the sale of worthless stock. The Legislature at its last session passed what is called the "blue sky" law, giving the State Corporation Commission supervision over the sale of speculative securities. The Commission desires to make the law a real protection to the public, and in order to do this, it needs public cooperation. People to whom are offered stock for sale are urged to demand the evidence that the law has been complied with, in the shape of a certificate issued by the Commission. If it is not forthcoming, write full particulars to the State Corporation Commission, Richmond, Virginia, giving the name of the corporation whose shares are offered, with the name and address of its agent. Heavy penalties for those who break this law.

ALEXANDER FORWARD,  
Commissioner.

Buy War Savings Stamps.

## NEED GAME SANCTUARIES.

Instead of moving for the destruction of wild game as a measure, as was proposed by a few short-sighted persons, the trend is in the opposite direction. Conservation of wild life is the call from Maine to San Francisco, from the Mexican border to the Canadian north. Like much else, it has become of late international. State rights do not count; for that matter, neither do national rights. Animal protection, like democracy, must know no narrow limit.

It has been proposed by the Federal District Forester that game sanctuaries be established in Colorado as part of the chain of national parks. This plan is being adopted in other states, notably New York, that has William D. Hornaday as a great asset in everything pertaining to animal protection.

Out here we ask the State Legislature to give protection to wild life in the opposite direction. But somehow the laws on the books do not prevent the disappearance of certain animals and the thinning out of others. Often it is necessary to prohibit under severe penalty interference with the rare animals at any time. A short season means too often an intensive season.

A refuge for animals has always added, in almost miraculous manner, to increase bird and deer instinct tell where they are safe from man and their hereditary enemies. Within a season or two in the great northern sanctuaries bird life becomes entirely different from what it was when man and beast prowled among the colonies.—Rocky Mountain News.

## WHEN ARE CLAMS HAPPY?

"Not that I care particularly, but just because I blindly follow a senseless custom dignified and bearded by age," said the Four Corners Philosopher, "I inquire of an acquaintance as to his welfare, and it is about fifty-fifty if he will reply with admirable originality, to the effect that he is happy as a clam at high tide. Why specify that the tide shall be high, and why assume that a clam is happy at any time? For all anybody knows, the clam may be the most miserable of creatures; surely it so far deserves its reputation for taciturnity as to render fruitless any effort to find out at first hand."

"Man as a rule is unfortunate in his smiles. He draws impressions from nature much as he gets them from the newspapers—reading only the headlines. I am a headline myself, and for that reason I have a superficial knowledge of things in general. I can discuss loudly and shallowly on almost any topic, but as soon as somebody asks me a couple of questions I flounder around, emit a platitude or two and

escape into my hole as gracefully as possible, which is not gracefully at all.

"Now I don't know whether a clam is happy at high tide or not, and I doubt if anybody knows. I believe that extreme is low tide. Immersion during a part of the time is to the clam a vital necessity; investing a mudbank periodically exposed to the air is, I believe, a matter of choice. Were the clam happy only when submerged it could easily choose a bed over which the waters flow and thus, to all intents and purposes, be a clam at high tide all the time.

"The clam chooses a home where, part of the time at least, it can bask in the sun. Thus indulging, it exposes itself to the peril of the marauding clammer. There is no reason why it should do this, but it does. And the only explanation is that it enjoys itself more at low tide than it does at high. If we human beings were more careful and thoughtful in choosing our metaphors we would use better ones, and fewer."—Newark News.

GREYER CLOVER, PATRIOT-HERO.

(Richmond Virginian.)

Mr. S. T. Clover, Editor of the Richmond Evening Journal, has been filling his editorial page ever since the war began with intensely patriotic utterances. Few writers, if any, in the country have carried to the hearts of the people more ardent sentiments for the cause of human freedom.

Not only has this advocate of national honor and justice preached the tenets of patriotism with peculiar power and persuasiveness, but he has offered to the cause of righteousness and liberty the choicest treasure within the power of any man to give.

Greayer Clover was the sacrifice—youth and brilliant. Nor did God smile on Mount Moriah with sublimer graciousness than on the scene. To his country, the father gave his son, and to that country the precious boy gave his all.

Men pass away after long years of duty done. The plaudits of people linger over their demise. Some attain, after years of struggle, the honors and emoluments of success. The credit side of the ledger may show an extended career of usefulness and leadership for them. But what are we to say of the lad who freely gives his young life, a complete sacrifice, for the flag of his country? Brushing aside all the rosy plans and hopes for the future, yielding every tie and fragrance of life he offers on the altar of loyalty and honor the very blood of his heart.

The Richmond Virginian wishes to extend to the devoted father and family of his heroic youth the profoundest sympathy; but it holds that in a bigger and brighter world, there on radiant spirit who watches and beckons the loved ones left behind.

Eleven \$1.00 purchasers of War Savings Stamps in Richlands in two days! Has your community done as much?

"Tis Better to be Sure than Sorry

SEE US FIRST AND BE SURE

CLINCH VALLEY INSURANCE AGENCY,

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Home Insurance Company.

Liv. and Lon. and Globe Ins. Co.

London Assurance Corporation.

National Fire Insurance Co.

Niagara Fire Insurance Co.

N. Y. Underwriters Agency.

New Hampshire Fire Ins. Co.

Norwich Union Fire Ins. Society.

Phoenix Assurance Co.

Queen Insurance Co.

Royal Insurance Co.

Va. Fire and Marine Ins. Co.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 3, 1918.

Bids will be received at the Clerk's Office, Tazewell, Va. until 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, September 17, 1918; for grading about eight (8) miles and macadamizing about six (6) miles of the road between Cap Store and West Virginia Line, in Tazewell County, Va.

Plans and specifications on file at the Clerk's Office, Tazewell, Va. and at this office. Specifications furnished on application to the undersigned.

A certified check for \$500.00 must accompany each bid.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

G. P. COLEMAN,  
Commissioner.

Sept. 6, 2 times.

AT LAST A TRUTHFUL MAN.

A Carrollton citizen who every summer goes to the North lakes returned last week from his annual outing and confessed that he had caught a single fish, and the Carrollton

Buy War Savings Stamps.

A Nervous Wreck

From Three Years' Suffering. Says Cardui Made Her Well.

Texas City, Tex.—In an interesting statement, Mrs. G. H. Schill, of this town, says: "For three years I suffered untold agony with my head. I was unable to do any of my work.

I just wanted to sleep all the time, for that was the only case I could get, when I was asleep. I became a nervous wreck just from the awful suffering with my head.

I was so nervous that the least noise would make me jump out of my bed. I had no energy, and was unable to do anything. My son, a young boy, had to do all my household duties.

I was not able to do anything until I took Cardui. I took three bottles in all, and it surely cured me of those awful headaches. That has been three years ago, and I know the cure is permanent, for I have never had any headache since taking Cardui. . .

Nothing relieved me until I took Cardui. It did wonders for me."

Try Cardui for your troubles—made from medicinal ingredients recommended in medical books as being of benefit in female troubles, and 40 years of use has proven that the books are right. Begin taking Cardui today.

Be a Joy Walker, "Get-it" for Corns

2 Drops, 2 Seconds—Corns Is Doomed!

When you almost die with your corns on and corns make you almost walk sideways to get away from the pain, take a vacation for a minute or two and apply 2 or 3 drops

of the world's magic and only genuine corn-peeler, "Get-it." Then, and then only will you be sure that your corn will loosen from your foot so that you can feel it right off gloriously easy with your fingers. Take no chances of continued pain and soreness—why use greasy, irritating ointments, plasters that shift and press into the "squeaky" places and "diggers" that make corns bleed and also grow faster? The painless, easy, always sure "Get-it." There's only one like it in the world—that's "Get-it." Millions have tried and "Get-it" for years. It never fails. "Get-it," the guaranteed, money-back corn-remover, the only sure cure for corns and blisters at any drug store. J. A. Jackson & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold in Tazewell, and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by JOHN E. JACKSON

Free of Charge.

A standard medicine for 50 years for all lung troubles, which has a successful record of over 50 years. Gives the patient a good night's rest free from coughing, with free expectoration in the morning.

Any adult suffering from cough, cold, or bronchitis, is invited to call many and get absolutely free, a sample bottle of Boschee's German Syrup, a soothing and healing remedy

NOTICE

One chief source of road deterioration is the tendency of traffic to follow a constant line of travel, which wears and depresses the road crown along this line of continuous use. The entire road surface, including the shoulders, at least in dry weather, should be used with the view of avoiding as much as possible this objectionable propensity. Thus will our roads wear evenly, prevent to great extent the inclination to drop in holes or ruts, which obstruct proper drainage and cause water to soak into the road, greatly to its injury. We are all aware how important and expensive a feature is the maintenance of our good roads; let us apply willingly, therefore, since it is to our interest, if for no other reason, one of the remedies for their economical use.

Respectfully,  
G. A. MARTIN,  
County Road Engineer.

Free of Charge.

Why suffer with indigestion, dyspepsia, torpid liver, constipation, sour stomach, coming-up-of-food-after-eating, etc., when you can get a sample bottle of Green's August Flower at Hawkins Pharmacy. This medicine has remarkable curative properties, and has demonstrated its efficiency by fifty years of success. Headaches are often caused by a disordered stomach. A gentle laxative. Try it. For sale in all civilized countries. 2

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Catalog mailed free. Write for it, and prices of any Seeds required.

T. W. WOOD & SONS,  
Seedsmen - Richmond, Va.

Northwestern R.R.

Schedule Effective Jan. 6, 1918.

Lv. Tazewell for Norton—

9:40 a. m. 3:04 p. m.

Lv. Tazewell for Bluefield—

9:40 a. m. 3:04 p. m.

From Bluefield, Eastbound—

9:35 a. m. for Roanoke, Norfolk,